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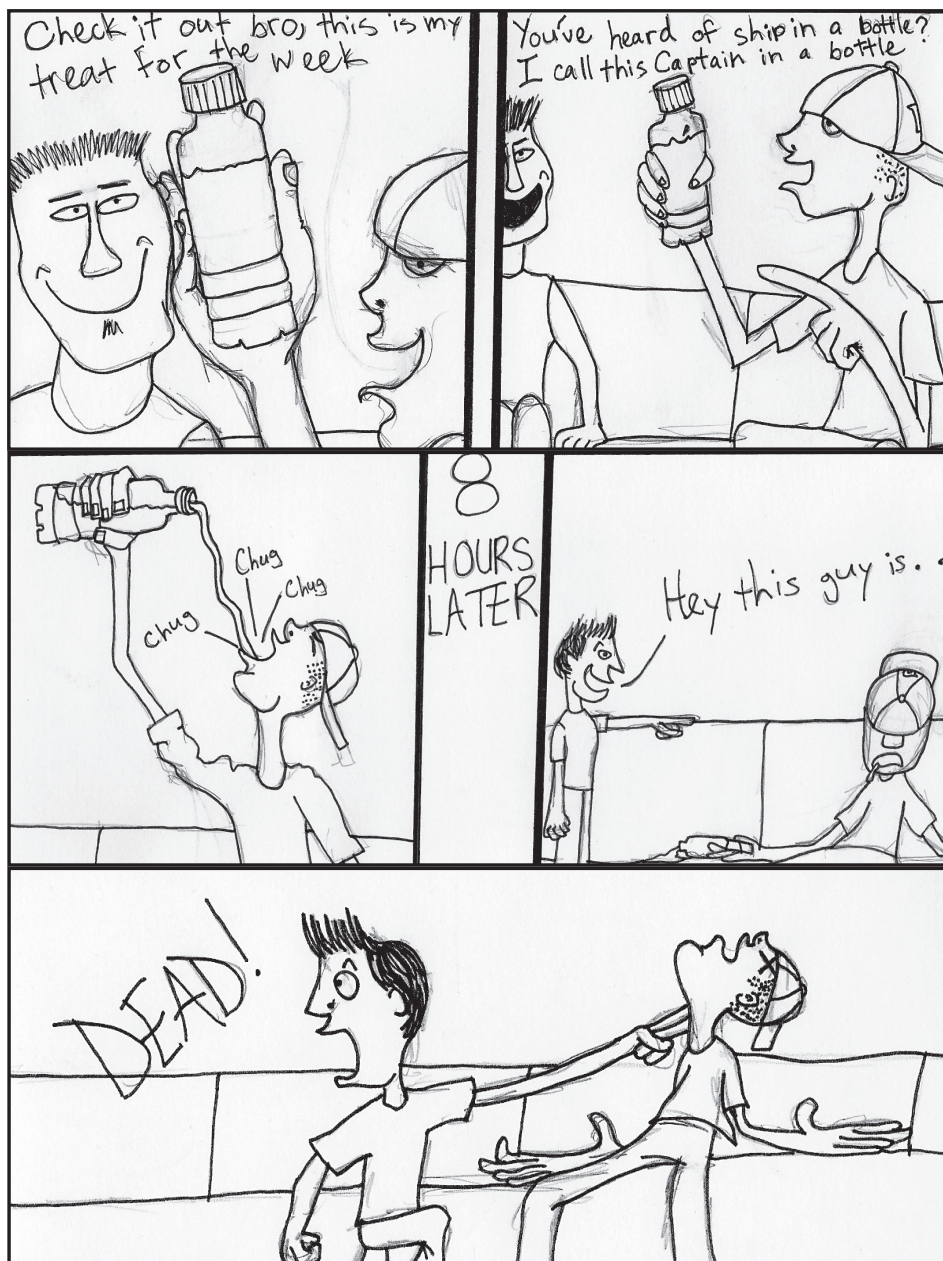
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Comic By Christopher H. Liptrot & Eric Weinstein

LETTER EDITOR

from the

I look at this issue like a cone. *Eccentricity*. Defined in 2a by Merriam-Webster as: "a mathematical constant that for a given conic section is the ratio of the distances from any point of the conic section to a focus and the corresponding directrix". What exactly this means? I have no idea. But interpreted and applied to the *The Rutgers Review*, I can say we *are* the "mathematical constant" across sections.

Explore the politics of Fat Food. Travel through Jack Kerouac inspired lyrics and into Brunswick Basements. Realize that bullshit can be academically dissected and fall in love with David Horvitz. Because we don't just write about the conventional nor are we conventional, we are eccentricity, from "conic section" to "conic section".

Editor-in-Chief

Merichelle

Merichelle Villapando



culture

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the rutgers review

GOD

HATES

YOU

TOO

By Andrew Sheldon
Music Editor

I've given a lot of time and consideration to this article, yet I still find myself staring at a clean white page. For days, I've been plagued by my grandfather's voice who has instilled in me the three-step, fool-proof way to construct an essay: "Tell them what you're going to tell them. Tell them. Tell them what you told them."

The points were all there. Notions of narrow-mindedness, delusions of self-aggrandizing glory, and most frequently brute ignorance. Then, in reviewing the sources I had constructed from numerous videos on youtube, I came to recognize the error in my approach. The form of the essay and my argument relied heavily on what the Rutgers Philosophy department might call, "Logic." And how can you logically discuss the completely illogical?

(To help to convey the difference between a sound and valid "logical" argument compared one that does not meet the requirements, I have supplied an example of each)

This is Shirley Phelps' strength: She's so completely misguided and totally illogical that she absolutely cannot be reasoned with. This is (one of) the thought(s) that keeps me up nights.

The full platform for Phelps' Westboro Baptist Church can be found on their website aptly titled, "GodHatesFags.com." [Editors Note: We feel it is best that no one should actually visit the Westboro Baptist Church's website. Every time you go there the organization makes a small profit and a kitten

will get go blind] Feeling left out? Don't worry, because God hates you, too. As citizens of this country, members of its society, and participants in its culture, we are all "fag enablers." That is, by accepting homosexuality as an "alternate" lifestyle, "you obviously have given over any notion that you're sinning...so, you condemn yourself."

Yes, I'm afraid it's true. You're going to hell, and I'm sorry to say there isn't much you can do about it. You might say it's the job you were born for. The good news is that you're not alone. Inhabited by the "depraved sons and daughters of Adam and Eve" (godhatesfags.com), it appears this whole rock has been fucked since Jump Street. And in the only concrete assumption made by shit-for-brains, we find the only attackable hole in argument.

For the sake of discussion (and my own fun), I am going to assume that Shirley Phelps is 100% correct. As a fallen son of Adam and Eve, I've been doomed since Eve took the first bite of that forbidden fruit, prompting God to cast humankind from the Garden of Eden. As a result, we as humans are challenged daily to fulfill the expectations set by God and were broken long before the practice of recorded history.

The important thing to remember, Mrs. Phelps, is this means none of us are worthy. This fable serves as a reminder that despite all of our great potential, there is always the possibility of falling victim to the human condition. If your views are really the case, then we're all just standing on the deck of the Titanic waiting for the bow to break. And if this truly is a sinking ship, how about being a fucking human being and showing a little compassion?

And if you ever have trouble remembering that, my dear, just think of your illegitimate son and remember God hates you, too.

If you've been Out-Christianed by an existential atheist, then you don't know shit about Christianity.

Shirley Phelps just got Out-Christianed by an existential atheist.

Shirley Phelps doesn't know shit about Christianity.

Let Them Eat Cake

By Edward Michael Reep
Contributing Writer

But Don't Tax it!

Imagine if one day, the Grease Trucks were required to display the amounts of fat and calories that their Fat Sandwiches contained (do we even want to know?) That would be unacceptable to the average Rutgers student used to Grease Truck delicacies, but such happenings are possible. One Fat Darrel or one donut won't kill you, but for some unlucky individuals, thousands over a lifetime can supposedly cause a plethora of medical conditions. Face it, junk food will simply destroy your body, just like the brave (but typical) man in *Supersize Me*. But when legislatures attempt to redirect the population's bad food choices, are they usurping too much of our fast food freedom?

After all, an American is presented with myriad choices every day, some of which are meaningless and others, quite consequential. Some of those choices taken individually are utterly meaningless, but over time, they can have grave consequences. Politicians have made a great hobby out of trying to protect Americans from themselves in this regard. In New York City, artificial trans-fats have been banned from all restaurants, and in the state, schools have put limits on the contents of bake sales. Congress has pondered this year over whether or not it should implement a tax on non-diet sodas as a way to both curb obesity and collect revenue. Of course, taxes of this sort have already plagued cigarettes for some time with rates which look as though they can only go up.

In New York, a recent law requiring fast food restaurants to display the caloric content of their menu choices, was shown by researchers from Yale and New York Universities to have resulted in actually more total calories consumed by the poor folk that frequent those establishments. The city wanted to socially engineer their eating habits, but in the end, people made their decisions based upon what they thought was right for themselves. Caloric content be damned!

Now, the question of whether these methods are effective or not is irrelevant. It's quite possible that lives have been saved due to the inconvenience of unhealthy choices, and it's also possible that people have simply worked around these obstacles (sentence meaning is unclear—doesn't seem to make grammatical sense). The answer to that question is buried in mounds of statistics that few politicians bother to review in depth. The real question is whether or not people affected by such

measures actually want that outcome.

What if people smoke or eat junk food because, in their minds, the pleasure which they derive from such actions surpasses the pain they could experience later in life? What if they are made so happy by doing these things that the government is actually doing a disservice to its citizens? I contend that if someone really cared about living longer, they would not make such unhealthy choices in the first place, and those that



Art: Irene Geller

do, do so because the unhealthy choices are preferable in their eyes.

That's really what it comes down to. If people want to be lean, mean, and muscular, and live past 105, then that's their prerogative. If they will be happy to live till they're 70, then that's fine too. Let people have their life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. Don't let the legislatures extend their reach too far into people's personal lives. There is a point of no return. Remember to some people, including possibly myself, life without cake is no life at all.



Photo: Skyla Pojednic



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the rutgers review

culture

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Major Disappointment

By Merichelle Villapando
Editor-in-Chief



Yesterday, I went out for a run. I run to get my jam on, to think about things, and to be alone. I love it. I love feeling my thighs pumping as my kicks hit the ground, as my arms high-five branches, and my head and ponytail bob in-sync with the music from my headphones. But I'm not some six-pack, triple marathon, gold medal runner. Hell no. And no one would ever tell me to major in running, let alone make a career out of it! So why is everyone telling me to be a professional writer?

Welcome to college. For those of you who are freshmen, sophomores, and/or major-less, don't be naive and believe the artist's "You should pursue your passion and do what makes you happy" bullshit. This is not a Disney movie. This is your life. Perhaps I am

cynical and biased because I majored in English and will be graduating this December into a plummeting job market. But maybe it's worse than that. Maybe I'm you in four years.

At one point, I thought to myself, "Well, I like to read, I like to write, and there is no doubt in my mind that this is what I want to do for the rest of my life". So I did it. I freelanced for websites, online magazines, interned with real magazine publishers, joined The Rutgers Review, and haven't really thought twice about my career as a writer because I've done all these things for free.

Because I've wanted to. Because I've enjoyed it. Because I'm good at it.

My bookshelf is stocked with Freud, Christine Pizan, Milan Kundera, and Shakespeare.



I calculated how much my bottom shelf books would cost if I spontaneously decided to sell my books on Amazon, and the total value came out to be one grand. And that's just my bottom shelf. I was a Librarian for Halloween two years ago. And nowadays, on a Sunday, I'll read for about six hours. On Mondays, I'll discuss books for about six hours. On Tuesdays, I'll work as an intern and help produce books for six hours. (And 666 is the mark of the beast!) But in addition to my literary routine, after I get home every night, I eat pasta, veg out in front of the TV, and then go for a run.

Because I want to forget about books. Because I hate them. Because I've become too good at this shit.

It's probably my inner Beyonce / Kanye West-like blown-out-of-proportion ego that I'm trippin' on. Or maybe it's the truth. I'm a diva at all things English-oriented. And oh shit. Maybe I've reached a point where I fail to find enjoyment in the things that I've loved for so long, because I've followed a path which my life is now dependent upon, and ultimately, consumed by.

And somewhere along the way, as I dedicated more and more time to my passion, my other talents such as singing, dancing, skateboarding, and teaching slowly dropped out, and I became a one-dimensional character. Finally I ask, Where is the love?

Which brings me back to running. I may be blazing the Appalachian Mountains by the time I'm thirty-three. Whether it's a mile, five miles, a run or a jog, I love my I do what I want, how I want, when I want attitude that may no longer be applicable to my English-led lifestyle. This is where the love is. And I envy my cousin. My older cousin used to be a champion at karate when we were in high school. She eventually went to graduate school to become a science teacher and told me, "Well...I know what I'm good at, why not pursue something that I'm bad at?" And you know what? I should've listened to her. She's twenty-five years old and still kicking some serious ass in Santa Monica. Where am I? In my basement, writing this article in the company of books I can't stand.

Q&A

with
KATHY APPLEBY

Chief Pharmacist at Rutgers

By John Connelly
Contributing Writers

“I wasn’t surprised,” said School of Arts freshman Branden Mattern said, “I was kind of pissed off.” Mattern is one of many Rutgers students who is unable to receive medication from Rutgers Health Center Pharmacy because Medicaid, a state and federally run insurance program, is not one of the pharmaceutical plans accepted by Rutgers Health Services. “I kind of need them both,” Mattern said about Adderal and the anti-psychotic drug Seroquel, which he cannot procure under current policy, “or else I go bat-shit.”

“What can I tell you?” says Kathy Appleby, Chief Pharmacist at Rutgers University, “We don’t just tell them ‘we don’t accept [Medicaid]’. We make every effort to help them find where to get [medicine].” Appleby said she did not know why certain plans were chosen over others, but that there is an effort on Rutgers’ part to include as many pharmaceutical plans as possible. Appleby said that while “at this point” Medicaid was not accepted at Rutgers Health Centers, this does not mean this is permanent.

Among the plans currently accepted by Rutgers Health Services Pharmacy are Aetna, Blue Cross/Blue Shield, and Horizon. For Mattern, and others who are not covered by an accepted plan, in the mean time, there is nothing to do but make adjustments. For Mattern, it means going home to get his medication. “[It’s] three hour train ride down there and a three hour train ride back,” Mattern said, and sometimes, “I need to skip class in order to go down there.”

Q: JUST TO BE CLEAR, THE MEDICAL SIDE OF IT AND THE PHARMACEUTICAL SIDE ARE BOTH UNAVAILABLE?

K.A.: There is no third party... there is no third party medical accepted at this time. They are in the process of thinking about some of those things, but they are not contracted with a third party.

Q: SO, WHAT IS YOUR RECOMMENDATION TO RUTGERS STUDENTS WHO ARE ON MEDICAID AND WOULD HAVE TROUBLE RECEIVING MEDICATION?

A: What we do, we usually refer them to Rite Aid on George Street.

Q: AND IF THE RITE AIDE, FOR WHATEVER REASON, WOULD BE ABLE TO PROVIDE THE MEDICATION?

A: That would happen anytime you went out; there’s a possibility that we don’t carry the brand. Sometimes there is unavailability from the manufacturer and there are shortages. We don’t just tell students, ‘We don’t accept it’ and send them off, we tell them where to go.

belated SE QU ELS

As I learned in chemistry, an action always has an immediate and equal reaction (thanks Mr. Johns!). No where is that idea more prevalent than in Hollywood. Any film with moderate success almost always leads to an immediate sequel. Sometimes, however, these sequels seemingly never come. Years go by and we wonder "When are they going to make Super Mario Bros 2?". Every once in a while, a savvy studio exec hears the cries of fandom and births into the world a brand new sequel! A decade later. While at first they may seem ill-timed, belated sequels can offer much to the movie-going public that an immediate sequel can't. ►

By Rob Cook Contributing Writer

SEQUEL ANTICIPATION

►► A perfect excuse for an age-up! Old people are awesome! They're like us, except more pronounced and bold (like wine!) By making the main characters older, new potential crops up for character development. In *Indiana Jones and the Crystal Skull*, Indy has gone from virile to nearly senile. The plots most (and only) interesting element is the contrast between Indy's old timer grumpiness and Shia LeBouf's fiery youth. And you know, the skulls.

The Revenge of 2: The illusion of inventiveness!

Sequels thrive on doing the same tired crap over and over to diminishing returns. But if the movie going public already forgot about whatever the first film was, anything can seem new and exciting! Take for example the *Rocky* series, a franchise chronicling the life of the world's most famous punching bag. Recently, the creatively named *Rocky Balboa* was released to much excitement and fanfare. This film breaks the mold of the series by having Rocky be an underdog who faces a seemingly unbeatable opponent. Also there's a training montage. And the opposing boxer is a cocky black guy. So it's brand new!

3: Electric Boogaloo: Anticipation accumulates exponentially! (You get more excited)

Just like we all learned at church, the longer you wait, the better it is. When a great film is released, everyone can't wait for the sequel.

And that excitement only builds. *Terminator 2* was an amazing, revolutionary film that changed the sci-fi and action genres forever. So imagine ten years of anticipation for its sequel *T3*. People practically went insane once it was released. Afterwards, not so much.

The Reason: Part 4: New Actors!

Due to silly crap like "contracts", sequels done consecutively often have to use the same old, boring, tired actors over and over. But once a decade has passed, their career has already ended! So bring in the new meat! Quite possibly the most famous belated sequel of all time is *The Godfather Part 3*. Renowned director Francis Ford Coppola brings in his then nineteen year old daughter to play the role of Mary Corleone. This role has gone down in history as one of the most amazing performances ever captured on celluloid, leading to Sofia winning the coveted Golden Raspberry Award for acting. Believe me, it's prestigious.

5: At Article's End: Coming in two decades!

In the near future, several more belated sequels are already in the works: *Scream 4*, *Toy Story 3*, *Tron 2*. Why so many? Perhaps Hollywood's been burned out, perhaps studio execs see it as a surefire way to make money. All I know is that the minute I sign onto Rotten Tomatoes and see rumors about *McBeth 2*, I'm out.

Sequels so Long After

By Daniel Lee
Contributing Writer

For all movie aficionados out there, here are some sequels which, despite having been long in coming, are coming out soon:

Wall Street 2: Money Never Sleeps

This sequel airs in cinemas in 2010, two decades after the release of the original film. Academy-award winner Michael Douglas (*Wall Street*) reprises his role as Gordon Gekko, the hit character who canonized the phrase: "Greed is good". Joining him is *Transformers*-star Shia LaBeouf.

Toy Story 3

Toy Story and *Toy Story 2* have been re-released in 3-D version in theaters, setting the scene for the release of *Toy Story 3* in 2010, over a decade after the second installment aired, much to the anticipation of the young and the young at heart.

Tron Legacy

Presented by some teasers as *TR2N*, this upcoming 2010 science-fiction film is a sequel to Walt Disney's 1982 film: *Tron*. Released before many of us were even born, this film's predecessor is well-known among older generations for its iconic "Light Cycles"- futuristic vehicles which will return in this sequel.

The Boondock Saints II: All Saints' Day

The sequel to the 1999 cult-classic *The Boondock Saints* is finally, and somewhat unexpectedly, here. Starring the film's original actors Sean Patrick Flanery and Norman Reedus, *All Saints' Day* opens November 1st of this year, in light of the eponymous All Saints' Day solemnity.

Where The Wild Things Are

Where the Wild Things Are, a children's book by Maurice Sendak, was a nine sentence journey into the mind of a young child. There are few details (and many of the pages have no writing!) and much of the plot and setting is left to the imagination of the reader. In the film, director Spike Jonze provides us with his interpretation, his imagination of the story, and it is quite stimulating.

Rather than employ grandiose special effects, Jonze chooses to clad his monsters in giant furry costumes, and later uses CGI to superimpose faces on them. Personally, I feel this was a bold, effective move by Jonze because it provides certain gravity for the film which allows it to retain its sense of magic, but also to be taken seriously. And, believe me, the movie is serious. Jonze's depiction is dark, following Max as he imagines and creates a world that in many ways runs parallel

to his own on Earth, shedding light on the confusion of childhood. Max grapples with the ideas of home, anger, frustration, family, and, most of all, love. In this film, childhood is not romanticized, but depicted as the truly turbulent, confusing time that it is.

The problem with the film may be a lack of audience. It seems almost too dark and too subtle for young children, but adults are always skeptical to put any real stock in a movie classified for "children" and based on a picture book. Perhaps the audience that will enjoy it most is myself, an older, young adult who appreciates seeing a faithful adaptation of a much beloved token of childhood.



the rutgers review

ALL THE (VIOLENT) YOUNG DUDES:

A CLOCKWORK REVIEW

By John Connelly and Dan Fisher
Contributing Writers

The recent Middlesex County College/The Raconteur production of *A Clock Orange* (directed by Alex Dawson, script by original novelist Anthony Burgess) begins with a warning that a certain stage production would cause “disturbance,” however, fans of Stanley Kubrick’s take on the source material may find Dawson’s interpretation to be disturbingly mild. However, the departure from the ultra-violence seen in the cinematic version is intentional, and does not take away from the deeply philosophical views put forth by Burgess. Instead, Dawson presents viewers with a kind of steam-punk bildungsroman, following gang leader Alex in a strange journey toward adulthood. Lead actor T.J. McNeil is in turn comically boisterous, morally corrupt, and, ultimately, redemptive. The supporting cast, is, at times, overshadowed by McNeil, with a few notable exceptions. These include Shawn Harrison, Jane Smith, and

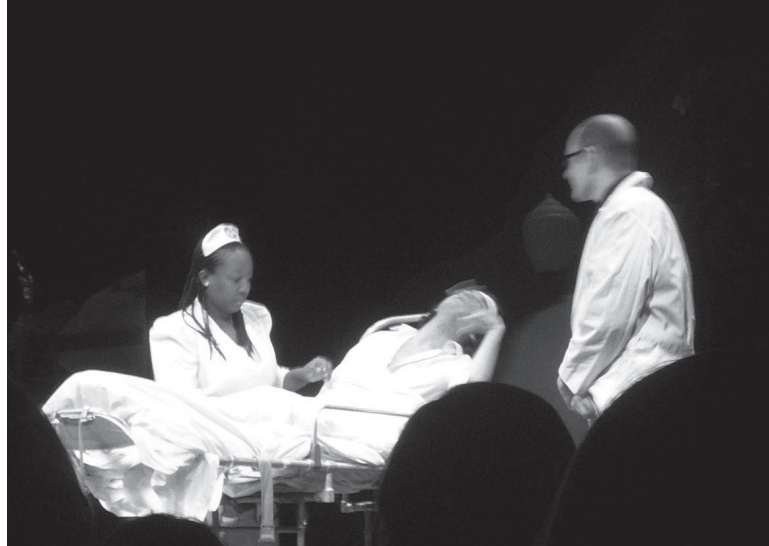


Photo: Irene Geller

Carlyle Owens, all of whom hold multiple roles.

The limited number of cast members was one of several factors which held the play back. Another problem was the soundtrack, a hodgepodge of punk, classical, rock, and pop music. Some song choices were inspired (Mott the Hoople’s anathematic “All the Young Dudes” is a great theme for Alex and his “droogs”) and others were inspired by Burgess’ work (Alex’s love of Beethoven). However, much of the soundtrack was slightly hackneyed, or, worse, downright silly, distracting the audience from the play’s deeper philosophical points.

And, of these points, the less said the better. Fans of the novel will be pleased to see this is not just a remake of Kubrick’s film, and fans of the film may find a new approach to an old favorite. Either way, this presentation was an entertaining (if at times disappointing) approach.

I DON'T KNOW IF I GAVE
YOU THE IMPRESSION
THAT I KNEW WHAT I
WAS RAMBLING ABOUT...
BECAUSE I'M TOTALLY
BULLSHITTING

The Honesty of **Bullshit.**

Ok, admit it – you’ve done it: you wrote a paper about a book you didn’t read, had a debate about a topic you knew nothing about, or made a smart-sound but meaningless speech to get a good grade.

Bullshit is everywhere, but the question that no one ever thinks to ask but probably should is, what exactly does that mean? Although such the intriguing title begs for satire and meta-humor, Harry G. Frankfurt’s *On Bullshit* is academic. Though he admits that such an ubiquitous word eludes precise definition, he takes a methodical approach to crafting an all-encompassing meaning. The essay, however, is not dull.. Frankfurt uses colorful anecdotes, such as citing Abdel Simpson’s recollection of his father’s advice in *Dirty Story* by Eric Amber, “Never tell a lie when you could bullshit your way through,” as an entertaining lead into a discussion about bullshit

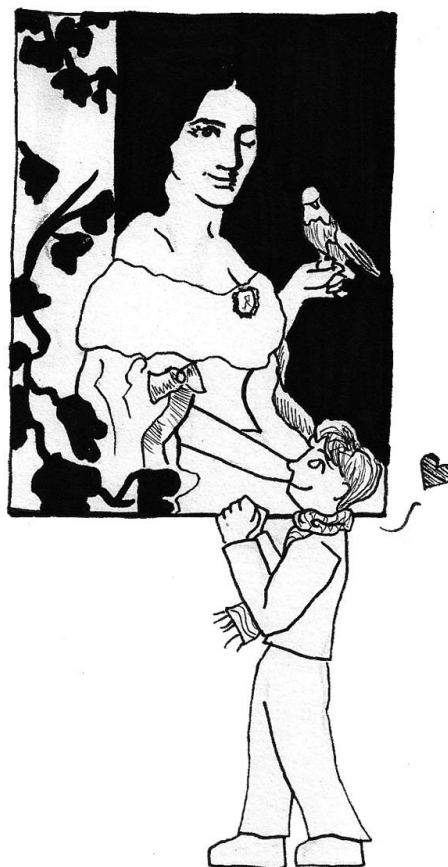
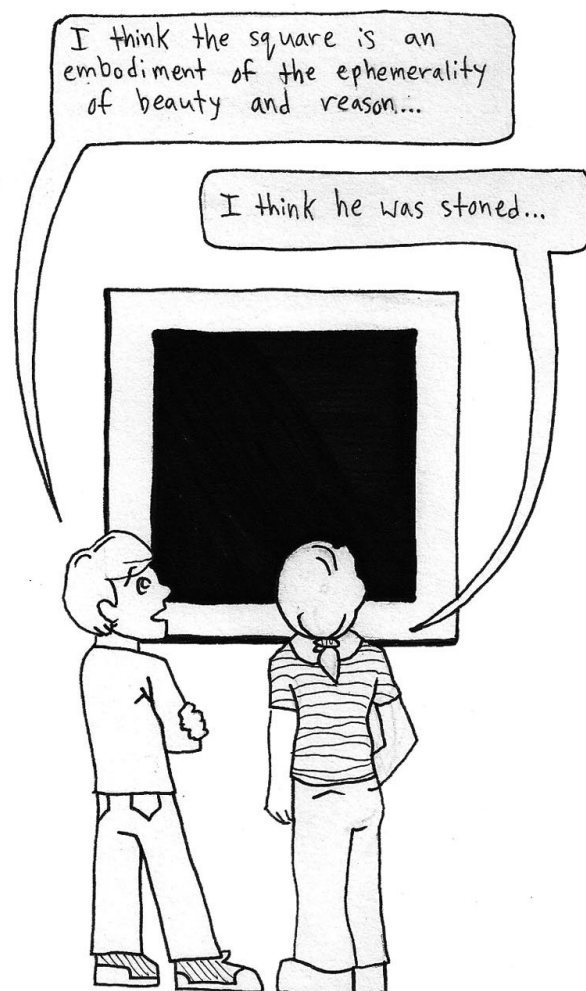
is and its distinction from lying. Frankfurt realizes that lying intentionally telling an untrue statement and, thus, requires knowledge and respect of the truth, while the goal of bullshitting is to make an impression, without regard for the truth. Therefore, bullshitting is more dangerous because the truth is irrelevant.

Frankfurt’s honesty will win over any reader. His honesty is only one display of the successful risk-taking apparent in the title. He engages the reader and begins a discussion, while demonstrating his bold attitude and his ability to analyze details, with statements such as, “Is the bullshitter...a mindless slob. Is his product necessarily messy or unrefined? The word shit does...suggest this.”

Frankfurt’s daring style and unconventional ideas make *On Bullshit* the perfect, painless, fun read that tugs at the very core of society.

By John Connelly
Contributing Writer

Art: Christina Proxenos



Art: Irene Geller

Artistic Observations of An Unsophisticated Mind

I was visiting the Zimmerli recently, and it struck my unsophisticated mind that there were two different breeds of art, which exist in the museum. There was art that tried to be aesthetically pleasing, which is a noble goal. Then, there was art that didn't seem concerned with its prettiness. There was art, which just seemed to exist. I wasn't quite sure of the artist's motivation. Was there some statement behind it that myself as a viewer of the piece was meant to extract? Was it supposed to look good but failed incredibly? Was it just art for art's sakes or as I like to say, "art so as to solve the problem of the abundance of empty space"?

The artist could have had all three of those reasons, but as someone, who has no intention of ever taking an art history course, I don't care much about the "real" motivations of the artist; I just care about having a good time at a museum.

There is a way to derive pleasure from this art, however. Art does not just have to look good and affect you with its beauty, but can also be treated as

There was art that tried to be aesthetically pleasing, which is a noble goal. Then, there was art that didn't seem concerned with its prettiness. There was art, which just seemed to exist.

a game, where the point is to come up with the most entertaining and/or "plausible" interpretation of the art's meaning, regardless of whether or not one exists. This

game is best played with others of course, the cleverer they are the better, and it's also preferable for the art to be very obtuse and pretentious, preferably of the variety known as modern art.

I personally love to interpret pieces that include everyday materials in unordered arrangement. Such art reminds me of the story of the overnight janitor, who unknowingly destroyed a 500,000 dollar exhibit. "I sighed because there was so much mess," he later recounted to the press. "So I cleared it all in bin bags, and I dumped it." Others enjoy attributing meaning to pictures of geometric shapes, while others still love to give a go at the good old urinal sculpture.

Of course, there are more rules to be observed when playing the game. Firstly, no one must have actual knowledge of this art's background; otherwise, they will not give a virgin analysis. Secondly, none of the participants should be too loud, unless of course, there's no one else in the room, which sadly is not uncommon sight in today's museum. Thirdly, everyone should acknowledge the fact that, while some art should be treated as a joke and the artists somewhat dismissed, some art is legitimately awe-inspiring and deserves our respect. This judgment call should be made by each individual.

With this treating of art as a mere game, I intend no offense to those sophisticated high-society connoisseurs who take the time to study and analyze the visual mediums while sipping wine and eating fancy cheeses. They are culturally enriching the United States when everything's said and done. We common folk, however, shouldn't be expected to operate on their level, but we still sometimes indirectly subsidize museums and should thus reap what they have to offer.

By Edward Reep
Contributing Writer

JOEY

He enters the club with a certain sense of command and familiarity, performing the necessary procedures, introductions, et cetera. I admire his mastery and how far this moment is from Wednesdays nights at the Laff House."





By Tara Young
Contributing Writer

comic on the rise

It's a Thursday night in New Brunswick. I'm standing in Vinnie Brand's *Stress Factory* with approximately 200 other people warming up with Brand, anxiously anticipating their headliner: Joe DeRosa. A palpable, tangible energy stalks the room.

I've seen DeRosa perform countless times before in the number of years that we've been acquainted, but I, too, am giddy and eager, curious about his choice of material. I am not the only patron in the club who's seen DeRosa before. Several audience members were drawn in from his appearances on the *Opie and Anthony* radio show; others have seen his multiple appearances on Comedy Central. His notoriety has been hard earned. I first met DeRosa nearly seven years ago at the "open-mic night" hosted by the Laff House on South Street in Philadelphia.

Before the show, I interviewed DeRosa to get insight into the journey from amateur to professional. Instead of a traditional sit down interview, I meet DeRosa at the train station, and we walk and talk our way to the club only a few blocks away. He's running late and has to hurry to check in. He enters the club with a certain sense of command and familiarity, performing the necessary procedures, introductions, et cetera. I admire his mastery and how far this moment is from Wednesday nights at the Laff House.

If you aren't familiar with Philadelphia, let me tell you, we are known for having some of the best and worst crowds in America. Yes, we've thrown snowballs at Santa Clause, but if we love you, you have our full support. The challenge is winning that support. The Laff House, being DeRosa's "home" club is known for its urban audience, intimidating to a lot of suburbanite comics. Working on his craft in such a setting allowed him to secure a diverse fan base and helped him train for any potentially disastrous road gigs in the future.

After gaining the confidence to pursue comedy full-time, DeRosa moved from Philadelphia to New York City-- the Mecca of comedy for dedicated artists. Nearly a year after his move, he was opening for Jay Oakerson, another Philadelphia-area native, and Dave Attell at the Tower. That was the moment. Joe knew comedy was his profession, not just a hobby. Not only was it being paid for working with a high-profile comic, such as Attell, but it was playing in the same venue Frank Zappa played while he toured through Philly. DeRosa cites Zappa as a musical and personal influence, so standing on the same stage his idol appeared on, was surreal.

In Joe DeRosa's "Comedy Central Presents" he said, "normally I am a very angry and dejected person." This declaration clashes with his personality off-stage. Off-stage he is humble, polite, and appreciative. DeRosa is grateful to every audience member who takes the time and spends the money to see him, knowing that tickets sales and two-item minimums can add up quickly. In response, DeRosa takes his job seriously. After the show, when DeRosa is attempting to arrange transportation back to New York for his second gig that evening, he takes the time to speak, shake hands, thank, and thank any audience member.

While on stage, an angry undertone underlies De Rosa's

performance, but he sees that as disappointment with life: a reaction as opposed to a state of being. He will never let a heckler beat him, and DeRosa doesn't waste his time on stage "picking" on the audience. Instead, he focuses on material. Watching comedians hone their craft is extremely gratifying. Something that starts as one idea may become a theme, but in the end the joke always evolves. This is why I watch comics over and over and never get bored.

Joe DeRosa is unaware of his success, he merely acknowledges being able to afford Christmas presents for his family without loans piling up. When I first met him, I noticed his attire consisted mostly of t-shirts and jeans. This particular Thursday, like the many television appearances; DeRosa adorns a button down shirt and jacket. He smiles because now he has "money to buy clothes." Don't take it as a sign of selling-out though. DeRosa feels dressing nicer, adds to the presentation of comedy, because comedy is already "stripped down."

During the opening acts, DeRosa isolates himself in the comics' "blue room," just like a green room, only a different color. He doesn't want to have any preconceptions about the audience and from their reaction to other's jokes. DeRosa compares this to a blind date. The more good things you hear, the more anticipated you become, and, ultimately, the more disappointing the date.

I don't think I can find the accurate words to describe Joe DeRosa's set. Jokes are an extension of personality. My favorite material DeRosa covers is his thoughts on adoption. This is unique, in a sense that not many comics have the same experience. Then, he also has material we can all relate to, such as dealing with our parents as we grow older. DeRosa relates a particularly hilarious predicament about having to go to the store with his father who refuses to put pants on because he's "not getting out of the car." Justice cannot be done by describing his jokes, but if you can't see him live, I recommend checking out his Comedy Central clips.

Tonight's performance is a warm-up for the recording of his first comedy album, due for release in 2010. While stand-up is now his "day job," DeRosa also plays in a band, Funeral in the Mirror with a sound similar to *Postal Service* and *MGMT*. In addition, DeRosa will be making his directorial debut with an untitled independent short. With so many projects on the horizon, I ask with a bit of sarcasm, is there anything else? With a half-laugh and a shrug he simply replies "the road."



By Sarah Price
Contributing Writer

A FOOT AND LIGHT-HEARTED, I TAKE TO THE OPEN ROAD

There's something about the rolling vision of America -- the drive West toward that new frontier -- that envelops people; something about the view from a high peak that calms and quiets. That return to nature that Thoreau believed in so deeply that lives somewhere deep in the minds of American youth. A thought so real, so exciting, that it creates a culture, a literary genre, and an American movement.

As if it weren't already a difficult thing for a person to comprehend the power and greatness of a place like Big Sur, California, two musicians wrote in three days what it took Jack Kerouac to write in three years: a work of art -- an album -- using passages from Kerouac's novels for the musical backdrop to director Curt Worden's documentary "One Fast Move or I'm Gone: Kerouac's Big Sur."

Released on October 20, the film is an in-depth look at the years Kerouac spent isolated in the wilderness of California, working on books that would be read by millions of people across lifetimes and generations of Americans.

I had my reservations that such an undertaking could only end in failure; that no musician would be able to fill the shoes of such a pivotal American icon. But Ben Gibbard (Death Cab for Cutie) and Jay Farrar (Son Volt, Uncle Tupelo) did it beautifully. The album, written almost entirely by Farrar, manages to mold the perfect melodies around selections of Kerouac's writing, essentially creating the soundtrack to which our own lives speed across the Great Plains, looking westward to fulfill our own sense of that great, undying reality: the American Dream.

I'm always astounded when a musician -- or in this case, a pair of musicians -- manages to sweep me off my feet. But while I listened to "One Fast Move or I'm Gone," it wasn't Gibbard's lofty piano, or Farrar's gentle, folksy strumming in the background that, for its duration, rendered me speechless; this time, I was swept away by the sheer beauty of empty highways ahead of me, the sun rising in the East and setting in the West. I heard the wind gusting through deep valleys somewhere on the coast of California. In the faces of silent lakes, the reflection of a clear blue sky. For a few moments, I felt as if I finally understood in new lengths the depth and magnificence of the American ground at my feet.

And what surprises me most about the project is that a pair of seemingly incompatible musicians -- one an alternative country musician, the other a fleetingly genre-less indie rock god

-- creating a well-balanced album. But in a way, they're complimentary. The gripping, folk guitar solos that Farrar adds to the duo are what give the record its semblance of American tradition, the sprawling plains and foothills, a people grasping for a bit of that conventional comfort. And on the same note, Gibbard's ability to bend piano and vocals around a genre of guitar-playing he's never mastered gives the album a gutless vulnerability, spins it perfectly next to the radiant beauty of the American frontier while echoing the raw emotion of unrefined youth scattered throughout the pages of every Kerouac novel.

Technically, the album is the perfect blend of alternative and country, a genre at which former Uncle Tupelo bassist Farrar would likely grimace, and into which devout Death Cab fans wouldn't soon picture their beloved lead-singer entering. But the genre is a sound one, full of depth and, fittingly, full of American roots. It takes the old classicism of Farrar and mixes it with Gibbard's indie ingenuity. And I wouldn't call the album perfect. There are clear flaws, like the absence of Farrar on the most pivotal, beautiful tracks on the album. The overuse of piano in what should have been an album mirroring the thoughts and pleas of American youth trapped in the drilling repetition of city life. I certainly don't see myself headed west to Chopin or Tchaikovsky. Ideally, and perhaps on more of a personal level, I wanted more guitar, and less of the drifty experimental sounds that litter Death Cab albums, leaving them hollow and incomplete. I wanted more of the heart-numbing guitar, the country-tinged melodies that embrace the heart of America and send it spinning down highways at your side.

There are a few songs on the album whose components are confusing. "Breathe our Iodine" is a dark song,

the reason for his fall into alcoholism and depression. But Gibbard split "Big Sur" into two separate visions of the same song, and that's where the album loses me. However, that's not to say that there aren't highlights of the album. "Willamine" is beautiful piano ballad played by Gibbard, fitting perfectly against the documentary's storyline. And "Final Horrors" is a perfect alt-country song, combining that rock-roots guitar playing Farrar is known for with his sultry southern voice. But in all, I can't and won't complain that this pair is a match that did wonders for a man who created wonders. Gibbard and Farrar did for this record what Walt Whitman did for words: They crushed it, crafted it, and, by the albums end, they made it whole again.

SO REAL SO IT EXCITING THAT AN CREATES AMERICAN MOVEMENT

supported noisily by a distracting organ and synthesizer, pulling out the parts of the song that mean nothing. The lyrics are sinister, reflections of the fact that, at some point, you have to turn around and go home, a quality of a typical Kerouac novel and, essentially,

**BEN GIBBARD
& JAY FARRAR**



ART: CHRISTINA PROXENOS

ONE FAST MOVE OR I'M GONE KEROUAC'S BIG SUR

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Hard to Be Please, baby, Please Bless This Mess Curse Your Branches Harmless Sparks When We Fell Lost My Shape Bearing Witness Heavy Breath In Stitches

By Andrew Sheldon
Music Editor

David Bazan has nearly made a career on being open about the things he- in his words- “shouldn’t be open about”. He began his musical career playing for numerous church groups around western Washington in 1997 and has struggled since to lose the audience hindering genre label of “Christian Rock.” Though he comes from a background deeply rooted in Christianity, Bazan’s lyrics often focus on the tension that arises through living your life on blind faith. On his debut full-length LP, Bazan takes his most autobiographical approach to this tension as he muses on faith, family and his alcoholism.

The record’s opening track, “Hard to Be”, examines the familiar story of Adam and Eve. It seems for Bazan the root of humanity’s current problems stem from the tree of knowledge. In the second half of the first verse, Bazan asserts, “Fresh from the soil / We were beautiful and true / In control of our emotions / ‘Til we ate the poison fruit”. He offers the affect of these actions in the chorus, singing simply, “Now it’s hard to be a decent human being”.

a change of voice: Bazan shifts from a presentation of standard Christian beliefs and begins to challenge its logic. “Wait just a minute / You expect me to believe / That all of this misbehaving / Grew from one enchanted tree?” he asks the listener to consider. Bazan continues to employ the concept metaphor surrounding the tree of knowledge throughout the record, keeping a consistent theme lyrically.

In “Harmless Sparks”, Bazan opens the song with the sparse but always captivating combination of an acoustic guitar and lead vocal, lyrically painting a scene of priests showing nuns, “what they’d discerned about their bodies in the dark”. Those familiar with Bazan’s previous work under the moniker Pedro the Lion, will recognize this immediately as Bazan’s lyrical strength, a construction of a fictional scene which forces the listener to question the established order.

The twist in “Harmless Sparks” comes when Bazan uses the

The second verse experiences

scenario as a cue to venture inwards towards the internal conflict that has spurred by the current state of affairs in the church's established order. In the song's second verse, he suggests that if one "ponders the weight of an apple compared to the trouble we're in", one might be "tempted to question his birth right / In front of his kids and devout wife / Causing the doubt to begin / To spread like original sin."

Musically, Bazan keeps his audience interested by presenting variations on familiar themes. Though this record isn't anything someone familiar with Bazan's previous endeavors, (Pedro the Lion and Headphones) would not expect, it is certainly his most folk-influenced collection of songs to date. "Please,

Baby, Please" is a solid up-tempo pop number based mostly around one simple chord progression on an acoustic guitar. The song is carried by a wonderfully busy and walking bass line which slides up and down the neck of a fretless bass while Bazan earnestly asks to be forgiven for his drinking habits.

"Lost My Shape," one of the ballads on the album is a wonderful mix of indie-rock and honky-tonk, full of organs, acoustic guitar, lap steel and a punchy piano that fills out the mix. The song is one of the inmost looking on the record: despite being written in second person, it becomes apparent rather quickly that Bazan is addressing himself, someone who "used to feel like a forrest fire burning", but now feels only "like some drunk ship captain raging after the white whale".

Here, again, Bazan's lyrics require further unraveling. The image of a forest fire burning invokes implies a new force burning down an old, over-grown forest: A natural change or needed adaptation. Bazan, however, has ceased to fail this sense of duty and now feels as though he's chasing the "white whale", similar to Captain Ahab in Herman Melville's classic American novel *Moby Dick*. For anyone who's ever read the 600 page allegory

about the whaling industry, Bazan's desperation and fears of the future become intensely apparent in this single line.

This may be why Bazan, despite ten years of solid-touring and even opening up for such acts as Death Cab for Cutie's Ben Gibbard, has failed to acquire a main-stream audience. When lyrics of the songs the comprise the top 40 spark debate only about whether the lyrics are about a strip club or oral sex ("You spin my head right 'round, right 'round / When you go down, when you go down"), one has to wonder if there's any room for thoughtful subtlety in modern popular music.

The answer is, of course, that it doesn't matter. With the internet nearly forming a monopoly over the music industry, lesser known musicians can still form a solid fan base. And that is exactly what David Bazan has accomplished. This summer, Bazan embarked on an acoustic tour, playing in basements and living rooms for thirty to forty people a night; fans who knew every word of Bazan's back catalogue.

This is not to imply that Bazan isn't capable of acquiring a fan base on a larger scale. On October 18th, he played to a nearly sold out Bowery Ballroom (NYC) with a full backing band. What was enthralling about the performance is that none of the intimacy of Bazan's acoustic shows was lost in the full-band. Nearly every note was there, and every part performed, from intricate three part harmonies to more subtle keyboard parts, was spot on.

It's very rare an artist has such a brute force of talent. As a songwriter, Bazan appears to understand almost intrinsically where a song should go melodically and his lyrics are always thought provoking and meaningful. A multi-instrumentalist, he played nearly every instrument on *Curse Your Branches* apart from a few guest musicians on selected tracks and he produced the record in his basement.

So, take a listen to *Curse Your Branches*. You owe it to yourself.

jeff foster

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Wrecking Ball: Springsteen's Last Night In Giants Stadium

By Nick Sella
Contributing Writer
Art: Irene Geller

This was it. This was the final night Bruce Springsteen and The E Street Band would ever play at Giants Stadium. I've seen six Springsteen shows over the last two years and I have never been more excited. I was even lucky enough to be at the Indianapolis show in '08 when Danny Federici (longtime organist and original member of the band) came out and performed for the very last time before he passed away with skin cancer. The only thing running through my mind was which songs would he be playing. Would he play "Jungleland"? "Jersey Girl"? "Because the Night"? Hearing any one of these would make the night even that much better.

As we got within two miles of the stadium you could hear "Born to Run" playing in the air. The parking lot was packed with hundred of cars, songs from every album of Bruce's four-decade career coming out of them. This was just adding to my already, overwhelming excitement. As we got to our seats I was blown away with just how many people were in the stadium. Only the Boss could bring crowds in the tens of thousands night after night. The start time was coming close and everyone else knew it, chants of "Bruuuuuuuccce" muted every other sound. Minutes later the stage lights came on and the cheers grew and the man of the night took the stage.



He opened up with the Giants Stadium dedicated, "Wrecking Ball", a mellow song to start I thought, but it gave everyone the message the Boss was ready to play. Then the stadium lights shut off and "Badlands" started, it had begun. It was a set list stable with its crowd sing along chorus. Then the antics came with Bruce acting out the sexuality of "Spirit in the Night" and donning a cowboy hat for his epic "Outlaw Pete" about a gunslinger in the Wild West.

The show was special because he was playing in its entirety his 1984, 15 times platinum *Born in the U.S.A.* When I learned he was going to play the album, I first was indifferent. The title track is not my most favorite, but "Downbound Train" possesses perfection in the wording of the song. His performance of the emotionally driven, "The Rising" was something special. The eerie tale of a firefighter climbing one of the towers on 9/11, being even more amplified by the fact the Towers were once visible in the NYC skyline from the meadowlands.

A fan requested a performance of The Rolling Stones' "The Last Time", a nice fit for the night. The biggest question on my mind during the last few songs was, *what would he end on?* Then as the opening notes started to play and everyone knew. It was "Jersey Girl" a cover of the Tom Waits song that Bruce has made to be one of his most popular in the state he is from. The song was accompanied by an amazing firework show and was a perfect ending to the night. After the music was finished and the smoke had cleared everyone still in their seats believed Bruce would come back out, but after the stadium lights came on it was apparent "all good things must come to an end".

On the ride back I couldn't get over the show I had just witnessed. I was so overjoyed until the excitement had calmed in me and I reflected on the night. I had heard the band was going to take a few years off after the tour ended. The band members being not young, I drew a parallel to the Stadium and that Bruce's time of rocking for hours was coming near its end.

BASEMENT BENEVOLENCE BRUNSWICK BASEMENT BENEVOLENCE

Intro. Stumble, fumble, and unfumble. Down the stairs and into the crowd. You don't know whose house it is, but you're here to have a good time, to listen to good music. And then some. Why? Because this is a Brunswick Basement. This is where we all go- looking for something.

You walk in. Lights dimmed to the point of dusk, heat rises and seems to stick to your neck, your cheeks, your pits. And there's that unmistakable thumping. Thump thump thump. Into each other, into the low ceiling above your head, into the kisses people are exchanging, saliva dripping onto each other's faces. You don't mean to, but beer spilling out of your cup into your

"Yeah! I'm feeling this energy. I want to DRINK IT!"

mind, the music is enveloping you. You start to thump, too. Thump thump thump. The beats make love to your eardrums 'til they explode. Your body has become a ball of sweat bouncing to the dj'd beats. Or is it dj'd beats? Or is it an iPod plugged into twelve-foot speakers? You don't care, you're drunk and mindless. You just know enough to need to stand on top of it all.

Damn that drunk chick is hot. She's standing on top of my speakers, riding dirty, ass jiggling up and down. Nod to the beats, up and down, just like her butt cheeks. She's feeling all your favorite hip hop remixes, but you gotta keep the variety going. Chicks love that shit. Let's mix in some techno. The beats fight each other in a war against themselves, arguing faster than your heart beating and your eyes buggin' as the chick becomes chicks, multiplying to

reproduce an ocean of barely clothed grinding bodies. You snicker to yourself. Every time. You are the master of it all. You get to tell them how and when to move.

Jeff probably likes us because we are *fucking insane*. No joke.

And we like Jeff because, well they're a great band to see live. I'm so animated by all the noise and distortion that I want my head to pop. Only that physical phenomenon would transcend me to a higher plain. But seriously, Jeff the Brotherhood's set definitely makes my heart pump Gatorade: *I am* an electrolyte. But

the night is crazy. The lead singer just yelled, "New Brunswick is our second home!" or something similar to that effect.

There are people hanging onto the ceiling and dancing into poles and shit. It reminds me of season two of True Blood: What Maryann did to the folk of Bon Temp, Jeff is doing to the good people of New Brunswick.

Everyone is really spirited, and normally I'd be really jazzed about this. I'd be like, "Yeah! I'm feeling this energy. I want to DRINK IT!"

But I don't feel that way at all. Instead, a combination of the drumming, the shoving, and the self-centered people who just like to run into each other, remind me that sometimes these shows just piss me off sometimes. I change my spot, pay attention to what's going on behind me, do all this cautionary stuff. I just want to enjoy the music my way, and if I wanted to stand in a hot, crowded place, and have some dudes fly into me, then I would just ride the F bus.

But whatever. It was my choice to come here. Again.

By Merichelle Villapando and Eric Weinstein
Editor-in-Chief and Culture Editor

A drunken mind tends to know it wants. My drunken mind, on the other hand, roams Easton Ave. with an indecisive, bottomless hunger. I want food just as much as I want adventure.

The combination of these seemed to fully realize itself when I stumbled upon Stewart's one drunken night. Admittedly, I had every intention of going to The Hang Out, but something about Stewart's was so alluring.

we waited, the more our sense of equanimity faded away. We began to marvel at the cast of characters who stumbled into the restaurant. Does that guy over there realize his beard is covered in bleu cheese? How can those dudes at that table go out in the cold and rain in just an Ed Hardy t-shirt? Is that girl in the corner, face down on the table, still alive?

I was saved from the bleak image by the delightful smell of my friend's wings, signaling

STEWART'S

Perhaps it was its fresh exterior, outshining its old, grimy competitors; it had so much innocence I needed to indulge in.

Going in initially provides you with a sense of 50's style comfort. The walls are lined with pictures of chocolate malts and you're treated to the music you imagined being played in the diner of Saved By the Bell. But a quick look behind you and it becomes obvious how surreal the setting is. The scene felt ripped out of a David Lynch movie. At once, there was a sense of hominess and of seediness in the air.

A comprehensive menu of local favorites (fat sandwiches) and the other shit people sometimes order lined the front counter. My

Does that guy over there realize his beard is covered in bleu cheese?

adventure dictated that I make a radical choice. Eventually, I settled on the "BBQ

Buffalo Wrap." It had all my favorite unhealthy ingredients, so I figured it would be at least edible.

My friend and I had received our food and benevolently chose to wait for our third friend to receive his buffalo wings. The longer

we could finally eat. From there, the food only added to our disorientation. I became lost in my wrap, devouring it with the sole goal of fulfilling my drunken desire. About half way through, the food seemed to make me conscious again. At that point, I realized just how amazing my wrap was. While the details of the meal are buried under layers of alcohol and perhaps the tastiest sauce in New Brunswick, the only thing I recalled, waking up, was the greatness of that wrap.

Now, there are many morals to this story. First off, your drunken subconscious will never guide you wrongly in choosing the right food. Second, a restaurant on Easton Ave. caring about its aesthetic appearance just comes off as creepy. But most importantly, if you ever go on an "adventure," and find yourself sitting in Stewart's, consider it a successful night.

By Ben Sugarman
Contributing Writer



Balloon boy

By Ian Gabriel
Contributing Writer
Art: Jeff Foster

We did it
for the
Show.

On October 15, 2009, a large UFO-shaped weather balloon came unattached from the ropes holding it to the ground. Property of Colorado resident Richard Heene and Heene's family backyard, it floated some 7,000 feet in the air.

Mr. Heene and his wife, Mayumi, reported that they could not find their 6-year-old son Falcon, and feared that he might be inside the balloon. The balloon flew around for approximately two hours, generating a huge worldwide media and Internet buzz about the so-called "Balloon Boy". When the balloon landed, it was empty and Falcon had been hiding in his attic the entire time. A few days later, authorities declared that the incident was a hoax and that Mr. Heene had carried it out as a publicity stunt to increase his family's potential for acceptance onto a reality TV show. Mr. Heene is now facing criminal charges for the hoax, but here is what I think should have happened:

FORT COLLINS, COL. —Richard Heene, the father of Falcon "Balloon Boy" Heene, was fatally shot outside his home last night.

According to Fort Collins Sheriff Ralph Benson, 20-year-old Ari Simon, a full-time student at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles and avid Internet blogger, shot and killed Mr. Heene with a 9 mm handgun, as the now famous father was taking out the trash. After the shooting, Mr. Simon immediately turned himself into the police using his own mobile phone to call 911.

"The perpetrator is being questioned as we speak," said Benson at a press conference. "So far, we know that this killing was not random and that Mr. Simon had been planning to assassinate Mr. Heene ever since the hoax incident with Mr. Heene's son Falcon. Mr.

Simon has stated that he believes that the tremendous importance that the world placed upon the incident involving Falcon in the balloon has marked the downfall of modern culture and that Mr. Heene 'deserved to die'."

As police escorted Mr. Simon into the Fort Collins Sheriff's Station, reporters questioned the handcuffed student whose only response was, "Shakespeare made me do it. As did Van Gogh, as did Mary Cassatt, as did Hemingway—the cultural greats who are now being replaced by Falcon Heene, Rush Limbaugh and Terri Schiavo."

The Heene family attorney, Pervez Perez, said in a press release, "People all around the world were watching the news about Falcon not because they hate culture, but because they genuinely cared about the safety of a boy that they have never and will never meet."

All members of Mr. Heene's family declined to comment on their patriarch's murder. However, their next-door neighbor, Jamir Oquai said, "This is a tragic time. All Rich was trying to do was get his family famous and he got shot for it. And Falcon is such a cute kid. He deserved all of the attention he got. I'm glad I got to see two hours worth of news about him rather than some stupid story about Iraqis getting killed or Darfur or something boring like that."

Mr. Simon grew up in Princeton, N.J., which, according to the authorities, is why he had such violent tendencies. He is predicted to plead guilty to one count of first-degree murder later this week.

interview with

David Horvitz

By Lizzie Plaugic
Potpourri Editor

THIS MAN WANTS YOU TO STEAL HIS ART -
AND BUY HIM A PLANE TICKET.

If you give a moose a muffin, he'll want some jam to go with it. If you give David Horvitz \$5, he will write down a memory he hasn't thought about in at least a year and mail it to you. If you him \$1,412, he will go to Japan and share a cup of tea with a Buddhist monk. While he's there, he will learn how to brew the best cup of Japanese green tea and make a cup for you when he returns.

David Horvitz is a Brooklyn-based photographer and conceptual artist who has become known for his unconventional projects. On his website, he has posted "Things For Sale That I Will Mail You". These "things for sale" range from an empty envelope to star sand from Taketomi.

Horvitz doesn't separate art from life – for him, life is art, and many of his projects are designed to bring this idea to others. In 2008, he stamped every dollar bill he touched with the phrase "a small distraction interrupting you from your everyday routine" and adorned street poles with signs that said things like, "please stand here for 2 minutes and look at the sky". I caught up with Horvitz through e-mail and learned about building zeppelins and the bogusness of "originality".

EVERYONE WANTS TO TRY TO
BE "ORIGINAL" AND I THINK
THAT IS SUCH A BOGUS AND
FUTILE EFFORT.

1. What is a normal day in the life of David Horvitz?

It depends. For the past five weeks I've been traveling, so my normal days have been traveling. I've been in the U.K., France, Belgium, Germany, Turkey, Holland, Spain, and Portugal. In the summers I'm upstate in New York. Other times I'm either in Brooklyn, or like now, traveling. So, it just depends. Right now a normal day is going to a Turkish place for lunch and riding the bike that is at the gallery that I'm staying at, the Golden Parachutes Gallery.

2. What inspires you? What doesn't inspire you?

Silence inspires me. Green tea inspires me. Noisiness and clutter and "things" don't inspire me.

3. How do you decide what you're going to sell on your website and the prices for each project?

Through chance operations, randomness...

4. A lot of the things you sell, such as buying a meal for a homeless person, or going to see a psychic, seem arbitrarily chosen. How do you relate these to your artwork?

The list on that page is intentionally random and all over the place. The whole page or project consists of the work, so it is the "content" of the work. Does that make sense? To break it down and judge something singularly is fine, but I see them as a whole project. Like, my 2009 idea mailing list or Tumblr, you can look and discuss individual posts or mailings, but for me, it's about the larger process of it.

5. If you could do one thing, regardless of the cost, what would it be?

Build a zeppelin and fly it up the California coast. On the left would be the Pacific Ocean. On the right would be the coast. Right below would be the place where the water hits the sand. Stay up there, drink some Pernod, and look at the world...

6. Out of all the projects or adventures on your website that can people donate money to, which one would you most like to see accomplished?

Hang out with my friend Naseem Bazargan.

According to davidhorvitz.com, he said, "If you give me \$437 I will go to Seattle and hang out with my best friend, Naseem. I will send you a photograph of us hanging out every day. If we fight, and it is inevitable that we will, I will make a video of us apologizing to each other and explaining our position as to why we are angry at the other and how we will resolve the situation. I will post this on YouTube for you. Maybe we won't fight! But we probably will."

7. You're somewhat of a world traveler. What is your favorite place that you've been to?

Everywhere! Okinawa. Turkey. Iceland. Portugal. Japan. Los Angeles. Kyrgyzstan.

8. What do you hope people will take away from your artwork?

It'd be nice if people stole some of my ideas. "Steal" is the wrong word. But something beyond "influence". In a place like the public domain, where things are authorless, or at least, it's not looked down upon using someone else's work, I wish it'd be more like that in art. Everyone wants to try to be "original" and I think that is such a bogus and futile effort. So, I hope people are inspired by what I do, and also use what I do and build upon it.

9. What is one thing you're afraid of?

Snakes! I hate snakes! Ahhhhh!

Visit!
www.davidhorvitz.com
www.davidhorvitz.tumblr.com



CONFESSIONS OF THE ORALLY FIXATED

By Samantha Mitchell
Contributing Writer

Astra was terribly jolted yesterday when her old friend called up out of the blue requesting they meet for coffee. Astra hadn't heard from Katrine in weeks, despite that they both lived in Hafnarfjörður, which even though is one of Iceland's larger cities, it was still hardly grandiose enough to make their mutual avoidance excusable. Yet Astra was always game to go out with friends, especially during the winter when Iceland experienced days with only five hours of sunlight. It seemed barely to be afternoon when the streetlights illuminated, and solemn wool-wrapped faces clamored for each other.

Hence, she agreed, especially since Katrine emphasized that there was something urgent to discuss. They set the meeting time at exactly 2:17 p.m.-today- at the café down the street from Katrine's mother's house.

It was Astra's idea to set such an explicit time because times with too many zeroes disquieted her. It was the entire zero concept: she feared blank spaces more than anything.

Thankfully, Katrine was already present when Astra entered the café so Astra wouldn't have to sit alone. Katrine stood up and waved Astra over, her bright eyes obscured by her obnoxiously large, thick-rimmed glasses.

"New specs?" commented Astra, casually.

Katrine nodded.

"Are they prescription?"

Katrine looked guiltily into her lap. "No, they're just stylish."

An uncomfortable silence passed, which was excruciating for Astra. She began darting her eyes around the room, searching for a garçon to take their damned order.

"Hello? What, doesn't anyone work here?" barked Astra.

Katrine was clearly uncomfortable with her friend's behavior. She exhaled pleasantly when a server emerged from the bowels of the kitchen. They both ordered coffees and Katrine started to talk about the matter of importance that brought them together.

"I'm worried about Marianne. Yesterday, I saw her in her backyard topless. I mean, she was wearing a bra and all, but she was *topless*. And you want to know why? Because she was dying her fucking hair! I saw the dye and she was wearing gloves and, well, I mean I think in America they classify that kind of behavior as 'white trash.'" The coffee came. She raised the cup to her mouth, precluding briefly her tale, "Yeah, 'white trash.' She used to be classy as shit. Remember that dress she wore?"

"My goodness," Astra thought to herself. "*Look at that freckle on her top lip! Has it always been there? It looks like a flying saucer, or like, a sombrero. Or wait, like in Le Petit Prince, the snake that swallowed an elephant. That's what it looks like.*"

Katrine's lips never stopped moving. Her teeth jutting forward every time she made the "fff" sound, her lips bumping into each other like awkward lovers for each "mmm" she emitted, her tongue assaulting the backs of her front teeth like a slave driver for each "thh". It was entrancing. And, miracle of miracles, Katrine—somewhat surprisingly, for Astra did not take her to be the smoking type—produced a cigarette from her purse. Astra

didn't smoke, but she loved watching others inhale more than almost anything. Katrine's bilabial grasp of the filter was the textbook definition of beauty. Astra forced herself to look away so as to keep from weeping.

Then, suddenly, everything was still, Astra looked up to Katrine's bespectacled gaze to find that the eyes lying behind the useless glass held both expectancy and annoyance.

"Well, what do you think, Astra? You haven't said a word. Should I tell Marianne to

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send her son to fat camp? I mean, obviously I'm asking you because of your experience there. Will it help?"

"Fuck you, I never went to fat camp. You must have gotten me mixed up with someone else," Astra stood up to go out into the dark afternoon, but looking at her wristwatch discerned that it was exactly 3:00 p.m. She shuddered once and re-entered the café to apologize to Katrine. Bewildered, Katrine accepted the apology and also allowed Astra to watch her smoke until all the zeroes left their watches.



NOV

- 20 - Ani DiFranco - Electric Factory
- 21 - Ani DiFranco - Town Hall
- 21 - Sonic Youth - (Sold Out) - Terminal 5
- 22 - Camera Obscura - Music Hall of Williamsburg
- 22 - Devandra Banhart - Town Hall
- 23, 24 - Röyksopp - Webster Hall
- 25 - Pixies - Hammerstein Ballroom
- 25 - Metric - Electric Factory
- 27, 28 - 311, State Radio - Hammerstein Ballroom

DEC

- 1 - Imogen Heap - TLA
- 5 - Friendly Fires, The xx - Webster Hall
- 10, 12, 13, 14 - Matisyahu - Webster Hall
- 27, 28, 29 - Gogol Bordello - Webster Hall

JAN

- 8, 9 - Passion Pit, The Rural Alberta Advantage - Terminal 5
- 20, 21 - The Monster Ball Tour: Lady Gaga, Kid Cudi - Radio City Music Hall

By Karin Oxford
Backpage Editor

GALLERY AND BAR